

brown pillows and nod and throw back kisses to the blue sky bending above them, say good-morrow to the starting buds on the overhanging branches, and welcome the stars as they shine out at nightfall, no longer with a cold glitter, but with a softened expression. The stars, too, feel the love that is breathing through God's universe and giving an answering smile to the joyous earth.

A hush has fallen upon Nature, for the voice of Spring is low and soft and the little germs of life hidden away in the brown earth might fail to hear her whisper, to awake and sleep and sleep, their lives away. The wind, weary with his winter exertions, has fallen asleep in the tree tops. His fierce spirit is subdued, and when he awakens it will be, as the willing, captive of Spring, to breathe lightly at her command on the delicate green things, springing into life, that they be not startled by his rude caresses, and hang their heads and die.

Life, glad, joyous life, is everywhere. The heart of man feels its force and exults and sings in the consciousness of a renewed strength, and spurred to higher endeavor he lifts his eyes with aspiration to the Infinite above him, and with hope and confidence, aids and encourages the growth of the possibilities that are awakening to life and action within him.

X.



HARMONIC

“The music of the spheres,” great Plato taught:
 For Hebrew bard did sing, “the morning stars,”
 Through all the work of God there are inwrought
 The cadenced rhythms of grand harmonic bars.

As stars and tides forever rise and fall,
 So pain and joy with periodic motion,
 So death and life, from God to being's rim,
 Flow out and in as waves upon the ocean.

O.